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# PIONEER DAYS.

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of

Winnemucca and the Pioneer



by OLIVE FOSTER CORLETT





W. L. ...  
C. ...

1625493

DEDICATED TO  
MY BELOVED CHILDREN:  
CLARA, GRACE, WILLIAM AND JOHN

1957

Xeroxed - 1972 ✓





Olive Foster Corlett



## William Foster

William Foster, my grandfather, was born in Lisbun, Ireland March 9, 1799. He belonged to a branch of Fosters who immigrated from England to Ireland during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. His father died when William was quite young and later when William was 12 years of age he came to America with his uncles Robert and Edward Foster. On their arrival in New York the uncles went on to Ohio and settled in what is now a part of Cleveland, Ohio. William enlisted in the war of 1812 and became a drummer boy.

After the war he settled in Geddis, New York, a suburb of Syracuse. There he started the first salt works. He married Mary Sammons April 30, 1819 at Geddis. She was the daughter of Jacob Sammons, Captain of William's regiment, when he served as a drummer boy. Her uncle was Colonel Veeder of that regiment. The Sammonses were early settlers of New York, coming from Holland. I have spent some time in research of her lineage and she goes back to Alexander Lindsay Glen, who purchased a large tract of land in New York. This land was on the north side of the Mohawk River and across the river from Schnectady. He was a son of Alexander Lindsay and Dame Jean Lyn, Countess of Angus. Their home was at Aberdeen, Scotland, where they lived in great magnificence and hospitality. "That family, says Row, lived rather like a court than a nobleman's family. Lindsay was the family name of the Earls of Crawford, a name of great antiquity in Scotland. The earliest to settle in that country was Sir Walter De Lindesay. They lived way up north in Scotland, which has produced the most courageous fighters. The only land in Europe, which can boast of never having been conquered originated with the Glens of Scotia.



Mary Sammons Foster

The father Alexander gave his life and estate to Charles I when he found the price of his loyalty to his king was his life and his property. He persuaded his son and namesake to flee across the North Sea to Protestant Holland. His son remained there for a short time and then sailed across to America. Every probability that Alexander Lindsay did not add the name of Glen until after he was obliged to leave Scotland name being simply Lindsay. The Lindsays of Scotland are famous by marriage with the heiress of Sterling. Sir Alexander became possessed of large estates, one of them "Glensk".

OLD SCHNECTADY BY ROBERTS  
*Schnectady Historical Library*

A. L. Glen married Catherine Dongan by whom he had 3 sons. The township in which Scotia lies is called Glenville, after its original white settler. Glen Falls, New York is also named for this family.

John A. Glen, 3rd son of A. L. Glen, born Nov. 5, 1648 died Nov. 6, 1731, married Anna Peek, the daughter of Jon Peek, from whom Peekskill, New York takes its name. Her mother, Maria Truax (deTruax) was the daughter of Philip





Truax, born 1585, came to this country when his daughter was very young. He was a walroon (French Huguenot) driven from their homes in the wedge-like country between Germany and France into Holland. The Walroons were clever in certain industrial arts, such as lace making, weaving and textiles, etc. Philip De Truax was a worsted dyer. He was one of the first settlers of New Amsterdam, New York.

The site of the "mansion of stone" was on the north bank of the Mohawk. Alexander Lindsay Glen built it and lived there until his death in 1685. His wife died in 1684. Both were buried beneath the original Dutch Church Chancel, but 200 years later their remains were reinterred in Scotia. From the fact that he assumed the name of Glen leads one to think he must have taken it from the ancestral home "Glenesk."

A. L. Glen was allied to the Dutch for many benefits conferred upon him and an asylum afforded him in his hour of need. He honored his native land by naming his estate "Scotia."

The site of the "Mansion of Stone" was nearer the waters edge than the present site. Little by little the channel encroached upon the grounds and foundations for half a century until the lower courses of stone—all that remains to mark the spot are now under water. When J. A. Glen in the 37th year of his life became master of the estate, he was the richest man for many miles around. The family gift of winning popularity was his in a large measure. With the Indians and French he was "Major Coudre."

MARION HARLAND BOOK OF COLONIAL HOMES

In 1713 J. A. Glen decided to rebuild this house his father had built on the river to higher ground, using as he could of material from the old home. This rebuilt home I have seen and it contains some priceless antiques. This house stands today at the north end of the great Western Gateway bridge.

This is a true Colonial type house and has a sharp Dutch gable in the wing to the rear. The extra ordinary thick walls are plastered inside and out. The house is unusually large. Some of the rooms are 20 feet square with massive exposed ceiling beams. Much of the old Dutch furniture is there, including an old round table on which the French officers had breakfast the day after the massacre in 1690. The attic smoke house is an interesting feature of the house. It is about 9x12 feet with a solid iron door. A slow fire of green wood was built on the brick floor and the hams were brought up to be smoked.

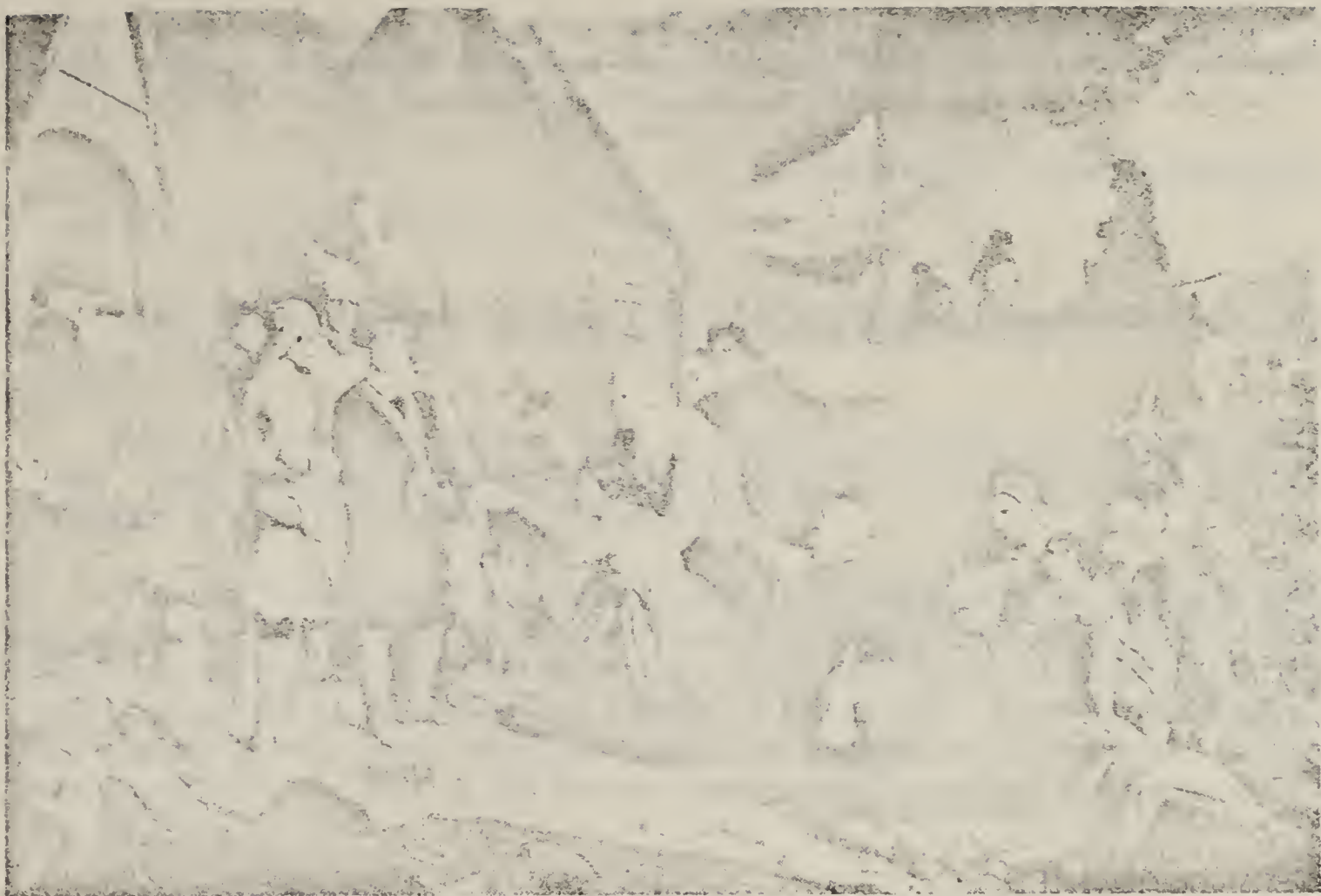
SCHNECTADY STAR NEWS 1848

John A. Glen (Saunders) was captain of 1st Foot Co. Schnectady. He was major in command in 1690 at Massacre. His property was spared when Schnectady was burned by order of the Government of Canada for kindnesses shown to French prisoners captured by the Mohawks.

*Six*







Captain Sander Glen Claiming the Prisoners as his Relatives Sunday Morning, February 9, 1690.  
From the Painting by Tompkins H. Matteson about the Year 1840.

The causes of the massacre of 1690 were 1st the war between England and France occasioned by the English revolution in 1688 and 2nd the desire of the French in Canada to intimidate and detach the Iroquois from the English by delivering a stunning blow and capturing both Albany and Schnectady. A march from Montreal to Schnectady was 200 miles and one of extreme labor, requiring great courage and endurance. Between the St. Lawrence and Mohawk Rivers there was then an unbroken wilderness without a single habitation. In the winter the snow lay in the forests from 3 to 6 feet deep and could be traveled only on snow shoes. In addition to their heavy muskets and ammunition, the French were forced to carry provisions for the march of 22 days. Such were the conditions of an attack on Schnectady—only possible in winter without a flotilla of canoes to pass the lakes.

The attacking party consisted of 114 Frenchmen, 80 savages from the Sault and 16 Algonquins—in all 210 men. They started from Montreal on the 17th of January and after suffering incredible hardships on the way arrived in sight of the town about 11 o'clock at night February 8th. It was their intention to make the attack later, but the intense cold forced them to enter the town at once.

On the fatal night of February 8th the town went to rest with the gates open and no guard set. They trusted that the Indians who had been sent out as scouts to Lake George would warn them of the enemies approach. The French entered by the north gate and separating, spread themselves throughout the village, five or six before each house. At the signal agreed upon, a simultaneous onslaught was made upon each dwelling and before the terror-stricken inhabitants could seize





their arms, the savages were upon them. Within 2 hours 60 of the people were slain, without distinction of age or sex. After selecting such booty as they could carry away the French fired the houses and burnt all but five or six.

#### JONATHAN PEARSON'S NARRATIVE

Maria Glen, daughter of John Glen and Anna Peck married Dec. 17, 1699 Albert Vedder.

Albert Vedder was carried away to Canada by French and Indians Feb. 6, 1690. Their daughter Anna, born at Scotia July 28, 1700 married June 10, 1718 Abraham Mabie. They lived in the Mabie house.

This old Mabie house was built around 1670 and is believed to be the oldest house in the state of New York. It's hand hewn beams and hand grooved floors testify to the patient zeal of Daniel Janse Van Antwerp, who decided 278 years ago to carve out of the wilderness a home of his own. D. J., as he was known to his friends had to cut a woodland trail wide enough for his ox team and cart, extending from the mill of his friend Schermerhorn westward along the shore of the Mohawk.

After penetrating six miles into the primeval forest he chose the spot for his home. It was nearer the domains of the Iroquois Indians than any man had dared to venture since the era of Father Jaques. Beyond that point the wilderness was broken only by the barely discernable trails of the savages and wild beasts. The trail, which he blazed became the first lap of the highway, which is now New York State, Route 5-S. He sold his home to Jan Mabie of Schnectady.

Built of stone from cellar to eaves, the house has beams and walls thick enough for a castle and for nearly 3 centuries they have withstood ravages of time and storm. Beams in the cellar are of hand-hewn lumber, made from the entire trunks of trees about 2 feet thick. The trees split in half were faced as floor joists. Over these boards were secured with hand-wrought nails, still visible. At different distances the beams were supported with uprights.

Rising from the solid foundation the house was constructed with a high peaked roof, common at that period. Originally there were port holes in the upper walls for firing at Indians, but these were filled in. The home however apparently never suffered damage by attacks from savages or during any of the border wars, a fact which historians believe testifies to the principal characteristics of the Mabie family.

The heavy footboards in the house all tongued and grooved were fashioned by hand. Hand-hewn timbers in the beamed ceilings of the living room are 10x16 inches thick and about 14 inches thick in the dining room. These two rooms today are about as they were when the house was built. A large colonial fireplace has built-in Dutch ovens on each side. Roomy cupboards and all accoutrements of the ancient mansion show the care with which Van Antwerp fashioned his home. Massive inside doors swing on heavy hand forged iron hinges, a number of which are "H" style. Many of the doors are halved with upper and lower parts that can





be opened separately. Solid heavy wooden blinds, made without shutters are strongly hinged and hand-wrought iron hooks for fastening.

Slaves were reported at one time to have been housed in underground apartments. Later a slave house was built and was connected to the house by means of a secret tunnel in case of raids was through a secret door in the living room floor. About ten years ago the exit to the tunnel into the river was discovered by the W.P.A. workers and for a time the possibility of reopening the passageway was discussed, but was abandoned as impracticable. Blue prints were made by architects however, in case the project should ever be considered.

The main barn, constructed in the same peaked roof style as the house, was of such mammoth proportion that 2200 shingles were required to cover the roof. The barn was struck by lightning and destroyed several years ago. Earlier a fire that was believed to be of incendiary origin leveled the other barns and store houses on the farm with all the contents at a loss of \$8,000 to \$10,000; valuable relics, sleighs, wagons and canoe also were destroyed in that blaze. Behind the house still stands a building that was called "Mabie Inn" and was connected to the main house.

SCHNECTADY UNION STAR, JUNE 25, 1948

Catherine, daughter of Anna Vedder and Abraham Mabie, born Aug. 6, 1720 married John Veeder born May 23, 1714 in Albany died 1798. (Pearsons Geneology)

Eva Veeder, daughter of John and Catherine Veeder, married July 2, 1777 Jacob Sammons born April 22, 1752 died at Geddis, New York 1815. Served as Lt. in New York levies. Jacob S.—was the son of Sampson Sammons and Rachel Schoonmaker baptized Jan. 16, 1726 died Dec. 5, 1822 at Geddis.

Sampson Sammons was a Hollander and in the first stages of the Revolutionary War he was a member of the Committee of Safety. In 1777 a core of Exempts was organized under Colonel Jelles Fonda; Fonda himself acting as Captain. Of the company, Sampson Sammons was the Lieutenant. He was one of the most active patriots of that famous region. He was one of the Tyron Co. Committee in charge of military movements in the state of New York. He held the distinction of having been the 1st man west of the Hudson at whom a shot was fired in the Revolution. Both S. S. and son Jacob are on the roll of those who fought at the battle of Oriskany. (Hudson, Mohawk Geneological & Family Memoir by Cuyler Reynolds). The following story tells of some of the hardships that were suffered in those early days.

## THRILLING INCIDENTS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR

*From Harpers Magazine 1857.*

Speaking of the horrors of civil war, few people realize the individual suffering and fearful peril to which thousands of lives are exposed; history only treats of great events in which the actors of the time were engaged, while the fire-





side and domestic tragedies were far more deeply and intensely dramatic are left unrecorded and live in the minds of a few of the descendants of the performers.

Among the various spots abounding with stories of terrible interest, none have witnessed more frightful than the valley of the Mohawk during the Revolutionary War; and it is one of the most extraordinary and exciting that we propose to relate.

It was in the year 1780 that an old farmer, named Sampson Sammons, who lived in the village of Johnstown and near the old Johnson estate, which had been sequestered in consequence of the former owner, Sir John Johnson becoming a commander of the British forces. Mr. Sammons was of Holland extraction and a native of Marbletown, Ulster County, New York, whence he had immigrated to his present abode. The family consisted of 3 sons and 1 daughter, all sturdy, independent and staunch whigs like their father, who was a member of the Committee of Safety and held a Commission of lieutenant in the American Army. The whole family was well known to Sir John who had several times experienced protection from them in times of imminent danger; but this did not prevent a most dastardly and fiendish attack on their home and persons during one of his marauding attacks to the vicinity of his former residence. He was always accompanied by a band of Indians, who like a pack of wild beasts, sprang upon and tore to pieces whatever he marked as his prey. On this occasion however, with a remnant of humanity, he detached them in various directions and proceeded stealthily to surround the house with his own immediate troops, desiring to capture the family alive and carry them off as prisoners.

It was very early in the morning, and the first gray dawn had hardly begun to streak the horizon when the farmer's youngest son, Thomas, a very handsome young man about nineteen, opened the back door of the farm house and commenced taking an observation. He was only partially dressed and was ruminating on the chance of safety in venturing out before daylight as he desired on urgent business; for in those times stray Indians were always prowling about and wife or family could never count with certainty on the safe return of loved ones, although they went abroad but a short distance, and in broad daylight. Concluding that it was best to wait until dawn, he was about retreating, when a hand was placed on his shoulder and the words "I arrest you in the King's name" informed him that he was a prisoner. The whole family was asleep upstairs, or in the act of rising, and the old man and his two eldest sons were soon secured. The females consisted of the wife of the eldest son Jacob, and a young girl, the only daughter of the old man were left unmolested by the order of Sir John.

Thomas begged for an opportunity of getting his clothes or at least his shoes and stockings, which was brutally refused him, accompanied with the threat of a bayonet, which would have killed him had not his sister thrown herself between and warded off the blow. Her complaint brought a reprimand to the soldier and permission to finish dressing while the fierce troops plundered the house and out buildings of everything they contained, which could be carried with them, including horses (7) belonging to Mr. Sammons. The whole party was then marched off. The father and sons closely pinioned and placed between files of soldiers, their course being directed towards the river. Here they were joined by the Indians and traversed several miles of the Mohawk Valley, suffering the keenest torture from





the sight of desolation and misery around them. Wherever there was a building it was burnt and sacked, sheep or cattle were killed, horses appropriated, homes laid bare, husbands and fathers slaughtered, wives and daughters shamefully abused and then left to return to the hearthstones that had been made desolate. Towards night they returned toward Caughnanago, which they burned to the ground and took all the men prisoners and then retracing their steps to Johnstown, took up their quarters at the old hall, which was the homestead of Sir John. Here the fine figure and handsome face of Thomas Sammons attracted the attention of Sir John's daughter, a young lady so genteel and amiable that it was a surprise that she could have been born of such a father. She immediately contrived a plan for his escape. Interceding with all the eloquence and persuasion of which she was mistress on behalf of 2 or 3 persons to whom she had been under obligation for safe conduct, briefly revived the various acts of kindness, and finally obtaining an order for their release, she managed to smuggle Thomas Sammons in among them, and with kind words and with a look which stirred strange emotions in his heart, he was permitted to return. The next morning old Mr. Sammons requested an interview with the Commander, when he reproached him for his treacherous conduct, briefly reviewed the various acts of kindness, which had been bestowed in the past and asked if this was a fitting return. His remonstrance produced such an effect that an order for his release was signed, but all efforts on behalf of his sons proved unavailing.

Jacob and Frederick were therefore taken to the fortress of Chamblee just within Canada between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence.

At this point there were about 70 prisoners and not a very strong garrison so that the first thing to which the Sammonses made up their mind to was escape. Finding, however, their fellow captives indisposed to do anything for themselves, Jacob and Frederick determined to act without the rest: and accordingly the first time they were taken out of the fort together to assist in some common service they sprang from the ranks at a concerted signal and "put" as the phrase is in the west. The guards startled and less fleet of foot could not catch them; and tho Jacob fell and sprained his ankle, he managed under cover of the smoke produced by the gunshots to hide himself in a clump of bushes, which his pursuers did not think of searching. It had been agreed previously between the brothers that in case of separation, they were to meet at a known destination at 10 o'clock at night. Jacob, th lame one, mistook the hour and not finding his brother there, he left it with the intention of getting as far from the fort as possible before daylight, his accident making time especially important to him. He accordingly pushed up the west bank of the Sorrel River towards Lake Champlain, intending to swim it just below the lake and then find his way along the eastern shore. Various events however prevented his doing this: but after running great risk by putting himself within the power of a Tory, whose chief excellence seems to have been the possession of a most kind and fearless wife, he was so lucky as to find a canoe, of which he took charge and in which he made good headway towards home, until in one of the narrow passages of Champlain, the British fortification on either side forced him to leave his canoe and take to the woods again. At this time he was without shoes, food or gun and had to find his way to Albany through an unknown wilderness along the Vermont shore. For 4 days he lived on Birch bark. He then managed to catch a few fish and a duck, which he ate raw: thus he labored on for 10 days. His feet meantime had become terribly cut and were bleeding at every step, so that he could hardly crawl and if he stopped to rest for





one moment the mosquitoes settled upon him and stung him unto madness. While thus reduced to the extremest misery, making his way as best he could on his hands and knees nearly blind from swelling and inflammation and surrounded by voracious insects eager for the prey, he heard the sharp hissing sound of a rattlesnake. There was no possibility of escape, closed in on every side, unable to move he saw the glittering eye of his scaly pursuer fasten itself upon him; without the power to move to save himself from its fangs. A moment and its sharp teeth were buried deep in the shuddering flesh and it had coiled its venomous form around his legs. Another and his jack knife had dispatched the reptile, laid open the veins in his limb and cut out the parts which his poison had penetrated: then with the instinct of heroism, turning to account the most frightful accidents he cut out the heart, which he ate and felt strengthened. Suffering from a terrible wound, he managed to collect some dry fungus and cooked and ate part of the rattlesnake until his strength was entirely exhausted. It seemed as if death could not now be postponed, he took his knife and tried to carve his epitaph on a log but while thus engaged he fell asleep and dreamed of his old home, his young wife and their infant child, and finally of his deceased mother who stretched her arms toward him. He knew not how long he slept but when he arose it was with renewed strength and making sandals of his hat and vest he proceeded on his way.

That night his mother again appeared to him and pointed in a certain direction. Rising with a strong faith that he was nearing the end of his perilous journey, he struggled on until afternoon, when he saw a human habitation. It proved to be the home of a friend. From there he proceeded to Albany and thence to Schenectady. Here he found his wife and child living with some relatives and the meeting between them can be imagined.

Return us now to Frederick, who suffered even more than his brother. He had made many efforts to no purpose to find his brother Jacob and in seeking him had run many risks. At length he crossed the Sorrel, killed an ox, made some jerked beef and for 7 days traveled along the eastern shore of the Champlain with ill luck. On the morning of the 8th day he awoke sick, a plury was upon him, a fever in his veins, pain in every limb. It began to rain also and there he lay not far from his brother. There he lay for 3 days helpless. On the 4th day he was better and tried to eat a little of his beef but it was spoiled. He managed to crawl to a ford nearby, pushed aside the green coating of the pool and drank. He caught frogs too and feasted. Then he lay for 14 days and nights and having resigned all hopes of life, he put his hat on a pole, so that it might be seen from the lake. It was seen by a ship passing at that time, and he was found by his enemies, senseless and speechless and carried back to his prison again and not only to prison but its deepest, darkest dungeon and there for 14 months he lay in utter darkness and irons so heavy that they ate into the flesh of his legs so that it came off to the bone. And what did that heroic spirit do? Did it break down under the weight of captivity and suffering? Not so. It was not of such stuff that the spirit of our fathers was made. He thought of his home, of his brave father and brothers and fair sister and not one fairer perhaps but still dearer and wondered if they had survived chances of the long and bloody war. Then he longed to be free and determined to live and escape from his prosecutors.

At last a chance offered. He with others was transferred to an island above Montreal in the rapids of the St. Lawrence. There he organized a plot for escape,





which failed, but finally jumped with a companion from the island into the rapids of the great river. Our hero and his companion swam for 4 miles through the rapids, navigating among the sharp rocks and fearful shoals. Landing on the north side of the St. Lawrence they fought a club battle with a village full of Canadian Frenchmen; conquered, killed a calf and siezing a canoe tried to cross to the south side of the river. They were above the rapids of the Cedars where no canoe can live long unguided when their paddle broke in mid-stream and once more destruction seemed certain. A fallen tree, in the branches of which they caught, saved them and crossing the next day below the falls, they struck into the forest to seek the Hudson. For 12 more days they toiled on, almost in a state of insanity, dreadfully lacerated and living entirely on wild roots. At last they reached Schnectady half naked and looking like wild savages. Here Frederick hoped to find a Miss Ellis, to whom he had long been devoted and also some members of his family. But on inquiry he found that his father had moved back to Marbletown, Ulster County. His younger brother had become a Major in the American Army and Miss Ellis: his bright sparkling Mary had gone no one knew where.

Disappointed and sick at heart, Frederick waited only to obtain clothes and means to persue his journey and then took his way to Marbletown, feeling angry with himself at not experiencing the joy he should at knowing his family were alive and well.

The young soldier, who had shared with him so many dangers and from whom now he became inseparable, accompanied him and together they approached the home of his early childhood. It was quite dark when they arrived at the village and they inquired their way to the home of old Mr. Sammons, which was found without any difficulty. It was an old fashioned frame building, with low roof and gable windows, enclosed in a sort of meadow, which stretched down in front of the cottage and was shaded with magnificent elms. At the side was a large garden, then in its early bloom and beauty and back the stables, barns and out buildings, while behind these was a fine orchard, the trees of which were in full bloom. The whole aspect of the place was one of peaceful loveliness and afforded such a contrast to their late frightful experiences. Poor Frederick was nearly overcome with his emotions. He leaned against a tree, while his companion stood at a little distance unwilling to intrude upon his thoughts. At last he opened the gate and they proceeded up the graveled walk to the door of the cottage. They saw then for the first time that some unusual circumstance must have occurred, lights were dancing to and fro, some of the windows were open and laughter would break out.

It was not grief at any rate, which caused these demonstrations and Frederick's heart beat quick as he tapped on the door. It was answered by a domestic of whom he inquired if Mr. Sammons was at home. "Which one," said the man. "Mr. Jacob was at home and the old gentleman but Mr. Frederick, Lord love him, had not been heard from this many a month. Frederick said the old gentleman would do, at which the man hesitated and thought his master would not like to be disturbed, as his youngest son, the Major, had arrived that day, with his new wife and they were having a jollification. His wife! What wife? Frederick could think of only one person in the world to marry and that was his Mary, and his agitation became so great that his friend took it upon





himself to inform the man that they wanted to see Mr. Sammons on important business immediately. The man disappeared and Frederick unconsciously leaned against the side of the door. At this moment his father came into the hall, recognized his son, called him by name and father and son wept in each others arms. Soon the news spread, Jacob reunited to his wife and 2 babies, instead of one had settled down at the old homestead and pressed his brother over and over again against his heart. Our old friend Thomas, now Major Thomas and a splendid fellow in dashing regimentals cleared a way for himself and lovely young wife, whom Frederick remembered having seen before. Frederick almost starts from his blushing sisterly embrace as he recognizes the daughter of Sir John Johnson. But where was his sister, who was always the first to meet him on his return? They found her in the garden with a friend who was spending some weeks with her and in whom says Major Thomas, with a mischievous look, Frederick will find a friend too. Frederick entered the garden and walked down a winding path until he came to a natural arbor formed by the interlacing branches. A low murmur of voices as he neared the spot and he stopped, urged by an irresistible impulse to hear what they were saying. "Do not urge me Lizzie" said a voice, which his heart told him could only belong to Mary Ellis. I cannot join in the merry making when it recalls all my fears, only with greater bitterness for the fate of Frederick. If he were only here, how he would rejoice in his brother's happiness." "And to his own also" said Frederick darting forward and catching Mary, who fell half fainting into his arms. Long explanations had to be gone through till the dawn of morning.

Major Thomas was returned as a member of Congress and on his way to Washington (1836) stopped at the splendid residence of the Attorney-general (former friend and companion of Frederick in his escape from the Canadian Fortress) and then the husband of his sister Lizzie Sammons. Sampson Sammons leased the confiscated "Hall" which had been the home of Sir John Johnson and his father, Sir William Johnson, before him, from the Committee of Sequestration and lived there with his son Jacob and wife Eva Veeder Sammons, who was the first mistress of the mansion after the Johnson regime.

The Marquis de Lafayette came to Johnstown in 1778 for a parley with the Indians and stayed at the Tice Tavern. He was also entertained at the "Hall" by the Sammons family.

When the Erie Canal was opened in 1824 and Lafayette was guest of the state he was taken through the new water way on a packet and Jacob Sammon's brother, Thomas, took his young son Simcon down to Fort Hunter to meet the boat. The packet was gorgeously bedecked with flags and crowds of people following along the tow path. Mr. Sammons went into the cabin where Lafayette was reclining and one glance at his visitor's face brought the Marquis to his feet and with sparkling eyes he asked "Where have I seen you before?" "At Johnson Hall" was the reply. When he learned that his former hostess Eva Veeder Sammons was a widow living in Onondago County he requested the committee to bring her to Syracuse to meet him. There he presented her with a purse containing ten guineas, telling her not to open it until she reached home.

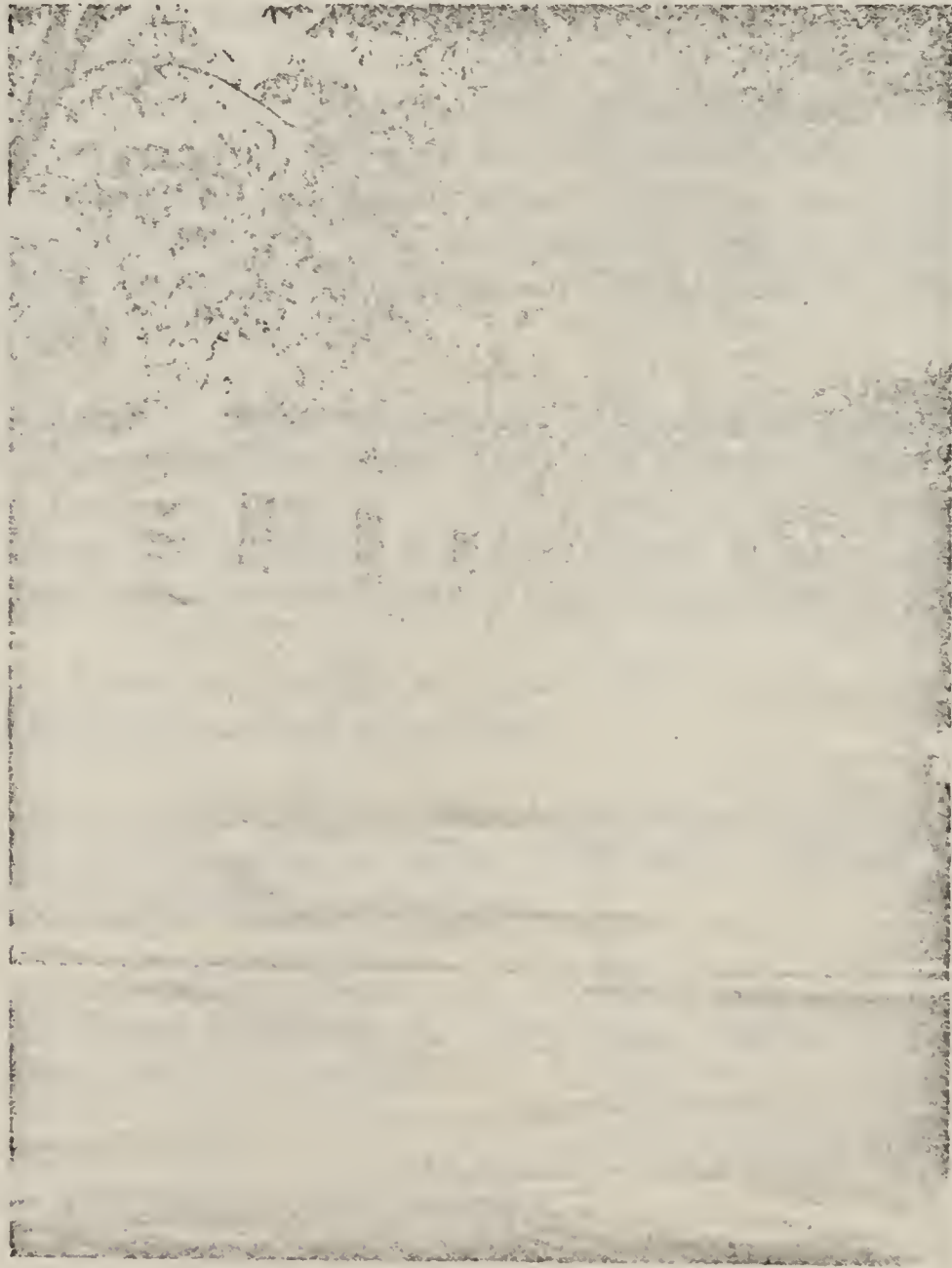
*(Clipping from the local paper of Johnstown, New York  
Everyday Life and Times of the pioneer women of Johnstown)*





In 1838 William Foster decided to move west. He embarked with his wife and 6 children in a house boat and came down the Ohio River to Havana, Ill. Here his boat became lodged in the ice, so he sold it and moved on to La Salle, Ill., and from there to Chicago.

After looking around he must have seen a market for barrels. Undoubtedly he had become well versed in the art of manufacturing barrels and casks when in the salt business in Geddis, N. Y. He bought in Ridgeville, Hill Ridge or Grosse Point Road as North Evanston was called in those days, a large acreage. He established a cooper shop there and did a flourishing business.



Picture of home of William Foster

About that time Arunah Hill, father of B. F. Hill located there. William Foster taught Mr. Hill and Mr. Crain the cooper business. It must have been a rough road driving into Chicago via Green Bay Indian Trail. William's son John used to deliver barrels to Gage and Hines flour dealers in Chicago. Mr. Hill's son Frank probably did the same for his father. Those two boys John and Frank became life long friends and in after years they with their wives took many trips together.



William Foster gave his daughter Martha an acreage of ground with a log house on it. This property was midway between the cooper shop and present Grosse Point Church. Martha turned this building into a school house and began teaching. It is said to have been the 1st school between Chicago and Little Fort (Waukegan).

About 1843 William sold his property on Gross Point Road and moved to Ridge Ave. in Ridgeville. He invested in several acres there. It is bounded by Ridge Ave. on the east, Grant St., Asbury Ave. and the Frank Merrill house on the north. About 8 acres.

Here he erected a new home, built by Mr. Joseph Daggett. It was claimed to be the first frame house in Ridgeville. It was well built and to make it secure from the severe winds from the prairie was anchored to one foot square oak timbers sunk 8 feet into the ground and primed with oak sills. When Colfax was cut through between this property and the Merrills this old home was sold to Mr. Clark, an architect, who had it turned around to face Colfax. Mr. Clark made some changes, but left old locks and doors as they were. It was made into an attractive home and a proper setting for lovely antiques, which the Clarks had purchased from all over the world.

This Ridge Ave. home was sold by William Foster to Simon V. Kline, who married William's daughter Mary. They had one son, James. Mary did not stay with Simon long and after her death he married again. Simon and this second wife was always Uncle Simon and Aunt Laurie to us. Although the neighbors were few, there seems to have been a nice congenial spirit prevailing.

William Foster was known as "Uncle Billy" and was said to be the leading spirit of all the house-raising at that time.

In 1849 newspapers all over the country were full of accounts of gold found in California. In the spring of 1850 Uncle Billy, with son John, joined a party going west to the gold fields in California.

The party started from Buck Eye Inn, which was across the street, just a little south of the Foster home. In the party were Charles and Ozro Crain, Oliver Jellerson, James Dennis and others.

Son John was only 17 years of age and was dubbed "Kentuck" by the party. It took about 3 months to reach California.

When they reached the La Platte river the shore was lined with people who had been waiting days to be ferried across by the Indians. Some one in the party handed "Kentuck" a jug of whiskey and told him to see if he couldn't make a bargain with the Indians to ferry them across. The whiskey worked like a charm and they crossed the La Platte at once.

When they camped the Indians used to hover around, especially at meal time. They were sort of a nuisance and one morning an Indian reached over and helped himself to pancakes. A member of the party gave the Indian a kick which alarmed them. It was that man's turn to stand guard that night and in the morning he was found with an arrow in his breast.







After reaching California all but one went at once to the mines. Uncle Billy and "Kentuck" went to Sutters Creek and later to Moquellin Hill. They remained there some 2½ years.

Oliver Jellerson left the party when they reached California and went to Sacramento. While there he met an old Chicago neighbor, Dr. Cook. Dr. Cook was not well and was leaving by boat for home. Arrangements were made to meet at a San Francisco Hotel. Dr. Cook became quite ill so did not keep the appointment. Whether O. J. was there was never known. O. J. was never heard from after that meeting in Sacramento.

Uncle Billy and son came home with a goodly sum, a portion of which was given son John.



Marietta Jellerson Foster



John J. Foster

June 12th, 1853 Kentuck married Marietta Jellerson. The Jellerson's lived on the Ridge, just south of the Fosters.

Oliver J. had been a blacksmith in Bangor, Maine. He married Malvina Shaw. A little daughter was born there and named Marietta.

In 1843 after Fort Dearborn (Chicago) had been purchased of the Indians O. J. inspired by letters from his brother-in-law David Shaw and others, who had gone west to Fort Dearborn decided to pull up stakes and move west with his wife and daughter. They came via Erie Canal and upon arriving at Buffalo, they with their furnishings and belongings came by vessel through the great



lakes to Chicago. At that time the Chicago river was clogged with sand and small boats were used for moving passengers and belongings to shore.

C. J. bought property on what is now known as Kinzie St. Marietta was started in school there and one of her class mates was Martha Sherman, whose father built the famous Sherman House.

Ft. Dearborn was a muddy place at that time and crowded with fortune seekers.

In 1845 O. J. purchased some 9 acres of ground on Ridge Ave. in Ridgeville. In 1847 he moved there and went into the blacksmith business again. "He was a handy craftsman and was said to be able to turn out from his forge anything in steel from a plow share to a razor blade. After he moved to Ridgeville, much of his clientele followed him, making the long and difficult journey to Ridgeville when they needed the services of an expert.

Uncle Billy was his neighbor to the north and Buck Eye Inn almost across the street. Malvina Shaw Jellerson could trace her ancestry back to Roger Shaw born August 26, 1594 son of Ralph Shaw, Carnhill, England. He came to America and located in Cambridge, Mass. In 1639 he was drawn jury man and the following year elected Town Clerk of Cambridge, Mass. He was also selectman for the same town for the years 1641, 1642, 1643 and 1645.

Later he moved to Hampton, New Hampshire. He bought of John Crosse land in the new town and Nov. 15, 1647 he obtained a grant of lands from Charles II (then King of Great Britain) which included with his former purchase, constituted a large estate. In 1648 he moved to Hampton selling his real estate in Cambridge, Mass.

He seems to have been a man of prominence among the early settlers for from 1651-1653 he served as representative to the General Court and was selectman in 1649 and 1654 and filled many other important offices.

#### BOOK OF SHAW GENEALOGY

Malvina Shaw Jellerson's father was Nathaniel Shaw and her great grandfather was Samuel Shaw. Nathaniel Shaw owned a 1000 acre farm at Hampton, Maine and settled there.

Marietta had two sisters Adelaide, who married William H. Wiswall and Fredericka, who married Charles Pratt, son of Paul Pratt, one of the earliest settlers of Ridgeville.

Marietta taught school in the old log school house on the Ridge. She said in the spring of the year, after the snow began to melt and the rains came they used boats for transportation either side of the Ridge. Undoubtedly the Ridge was at one time the bank of Lake Michigan for on digging a foundation on the corner of Ridge and Grant Street, lake sand was discovered and used in the foundation.







At one time in those early days French classes were held corner Chicago Ave. and Davis Street. Mother was a pupil there.

Malvina gave Marietta 2 acres of ground. It was the north 2 acres of the Jellerson farm and faced Ridge Ave. Later husband John bought 6 acres adjoining this 2 acres of a Mr. Fox and had it deeded to mother. That property is now a block facing Ridge Ave. and bounded by Noyes St., Asbury Ave. and Grant St. to the north.

Friederica inherited the old Jellerson home. Adelaide and husband built a home between her two sisters and Malvina lived with them.

My father John Foster and William Wiswall built a pickle factory west of Ridge Ave. on Noyes Street and it became a branch of the Heinz (H. J.) and Noble pickle concern of Pittsburg. After a time my father sold his interest to William Wiswall and went into the coal and lumber business.

Heinz and Noble failed which caused heavy losses for their branches. Mr. H. J. Heinz later went into business and William Wiswall continued with him until Uncle Will's death in 1878. Auntie and Uncle Will had no children and made a great deal of my cousin Ida Pratt and myself. It was our first great sorrow.



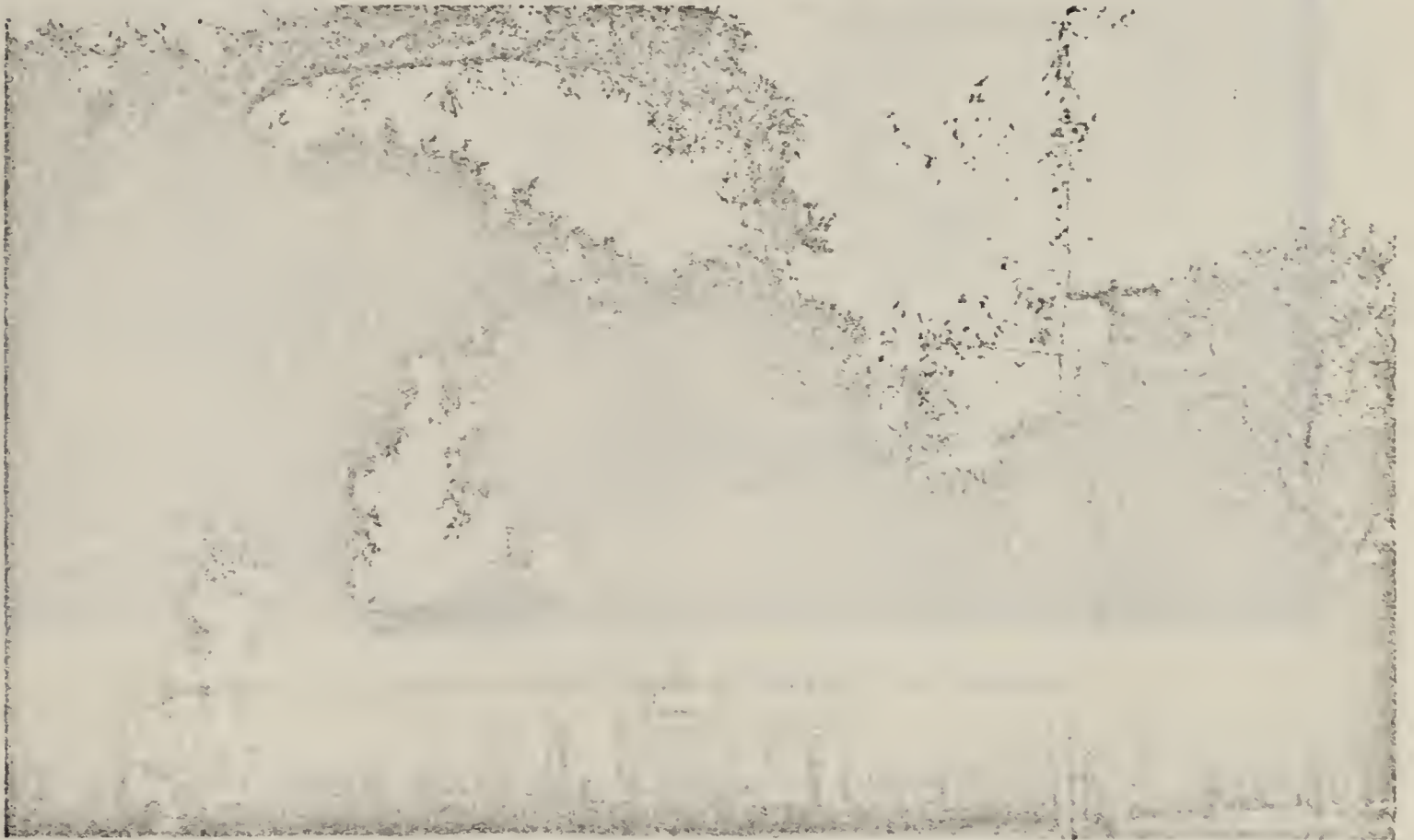
John Foster Home

Father built a home on this Jellerson 2 acres about a year after he married Marietta J. Father died in this house at the age of 67 years. Mother, who lived to be 83 years old died there too. I was born on this corner in 1869.



My father was far sighted and did a good deal of buying and trading which turned out to be profitable.

Father purchased the property across the street from his home. It was south of Buck Eye Inn and north of Noyes St. It was 120 feet on Ridge Ave. and ran back 370 feet on Noyes St. The east end of 120 feet was sold to the city of Evanston and became a part of Noyes St. School grounds. Father purchased over 200 trees and planted them not only in front of his home, but across the street, on Noyes St., and back of Marieta's property on Asbury. Oaks and elms were planted alternately. Those trees are most all standing now.



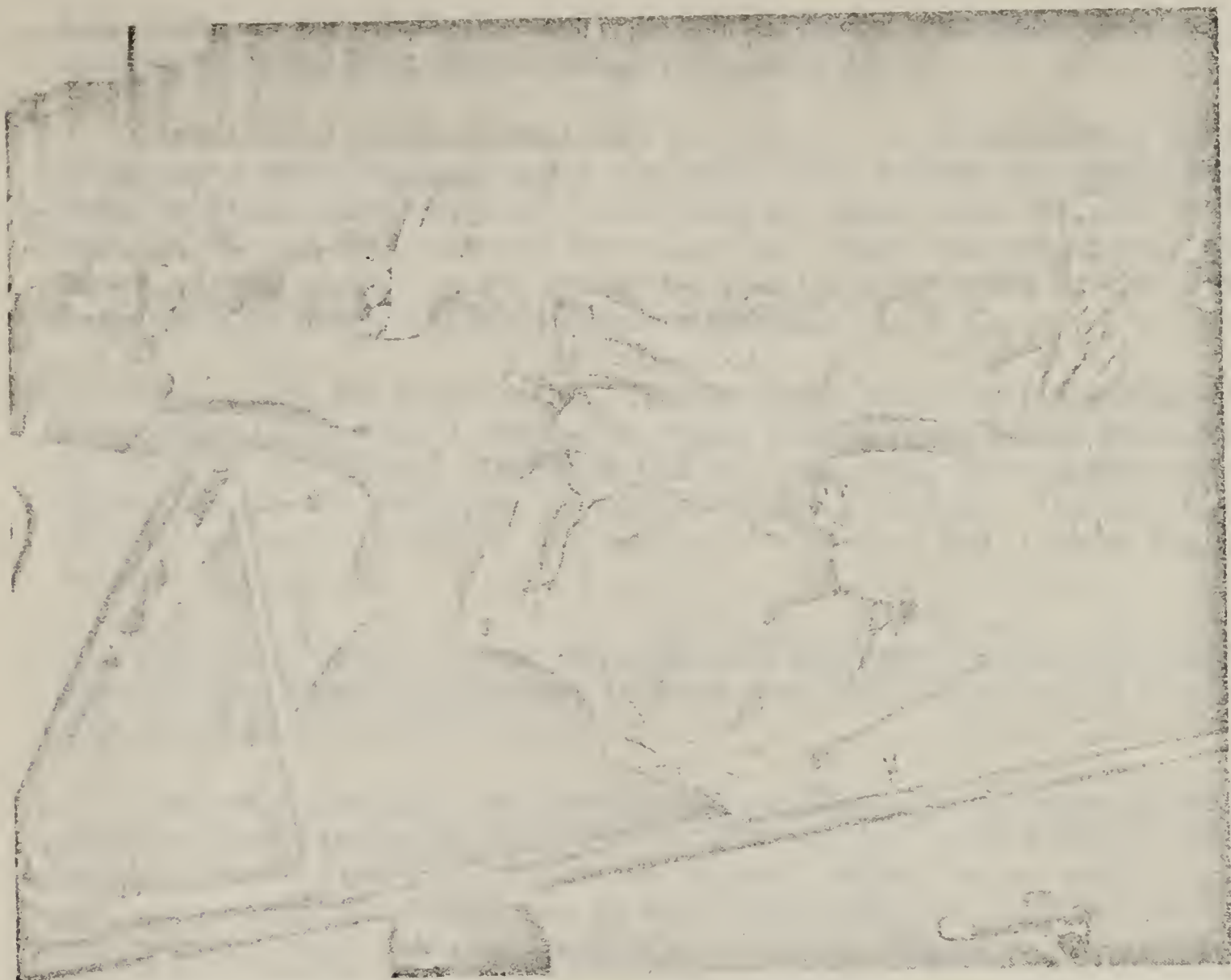
Wm. Foster home and trees which his son John planted.

Father built a house on this property across the street from his home about 1873 and Uncle Billy bought it. Grandmother Foster died here April 18, 1875 and after hiring housekeepers who were not satisfactory, grandfather went up to Winnetha to his daughter Helen's. She had married John Garland and had a home on what is now Country Day School. This home is now used for an office building for that school. Aunt Helen's daughter Susan and husband S. C. Ingraham were living with her parents at that time. Grandfather invited the Ingrahams to come and make their home with him. They did so and arrived in the summer of 1877. I was 8 years old at that time and I loved to be allowed to rock their infant son, Garland. Three other brothers followed Garland--William, Samuel Gilbert (Bert) and Ira Jay. I rocked them all. Mrs. Ingraham and husband made grandfather's declining years very happy. If there was any sickness in my home my cousin Sue and husband were always on hand to help in any way they could and bringing in trays of choice bits.

Bert Ingraham became a mayor of Evanston and served 3 terms. Uncle Billy always wore a stove pipe hat except in the winter and then he had a hat with ear muffers. Many of Grandma Foster's Sammons relatives were located in and







Mayor S. G. Ingraham escorts General McArthur thru Evanston

around Chicago. Grandpa was a home body but Grandma loved to visit her relatives and about time for her to arrive home from a journey Uncle Billy was at the gate watching for her. He was one of the neatest men I ever knew. His yard was always in shape. The woodpile carefully laid and kept so. He had a sand pile and also a gravel pile, which we children used to play in. His room, trunk and dresser were always in perfect shape. I don't think my father ever failed to spend a part of every day with his father.

The N. W. University was very generous in her early days allowing the public to use and enjoy her grounds. On 4th of July, the citizens used to pack lunch baskets and take their families there and there was a general visiting time. Each 4th of July the churches were allowed to erect booths on the grounds. This privilege had to be alternated with the different churches. I remember one year the Baptists had a booth or two. Mrs. Charles Grey had charge of one booth. Mother and Auntie Wiswall were her assistants. My what a busy day Mother and Auntie W. had the day before baking beans, bread, cakes, cookies, etc. That was the year 1880. Father and I hovered near. I did want to help too and before the day was over was helping Dr. Henry Freeman with the lemonade and even selling sandwiches.

Evanston even had a haunted house. It was the old Huntoon house. I think it was on Judson Ave. It never stayed rented long. Tenants claimed they could





hear voices. A Mr. DeGoyler finally bought it, had it remodeled, took out the speaking tubes and there were no strange noises after that.

Grace Hubbel and her mother lived with Mrs. H . . . parents at Buck Eye Inn. Grace and I were playmates and I was often there. Another grandchild Walter Beebe was there quite often. He was helping his father repair the roof of their barn one day and his father told him to saw off a board that was sticking out so Walter planted himself on the end of the board and proceeded to saw. I don't know which hit the ground first—Walter or the board.

Anyone who has not attended a District School has missed something. Until I was about 13 year old I went to the North Ridge District School where Noyes St. school is now located. At first it had only one room, then another one was added. When I first went there we even had a flying dutchman. The school being of only one story we used to play anti-anti over with a ball. London Bridge is falling down, tag, etc.

Miss Cora Merrill was my first teacher in this school and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Maurice Merrill my last one. In later years after I was married they both were my neighbors and close friends.

One teacher we had, a Mr. Mercer, had us (about 7 or 8) stand in line and when we were learning the multiplication tables he said "now, when you recite a table, without a mistake I will give you 5 cents." Believe me we pricked up our ears and worked. Mr. Mercer saw he was losing money, so finally he said "now each time you make a mistake I will take out 5 cents. We learned those tables.

This school was used on Sundays for a Sunday School and prayer meetings also were held there. The Biblical students from Northwestern University used to come and act as superintendent and teachers. Entertainments were held there and finally when the second room was added there was need of a scene for the background. Miss Sarah Bailey, a Sunday School teacher there, taught painting and brother Frank was one of her pupils. They got busy one Christmas Day and worked hard on a large canvas.

When the Sunday School was given up this canvas was rolled up and laid untouched in our attic for 30 years. Brother John and my daughter Grace were workers in the Delano Chapel, a mission supported by the 1st Baptist Church. Grace was a teacher there and given the task of putting on an entertainment of "Christmas in Other Lands." They were in need of some picture for a background. This canvas was brought down from the attic and holding our breath while it was being unfurled, it was found to be in perfect shape.

Brother John was very active in helping in Delano Chapel. He was president of the Boys Club and gave a great deal of his time there. When he was in the 8th grade a group of boys were chosen from the high school and a few from the 8th grade by Professor Boltwood and Prof. Kingsley. Mr. Volney Foster offered them a house in his back yard for their meetings - hence the name "Back Lot Society." John was quite proud to become a member. Prominent Evanstonians became interested and gave of their time and furnished the where-with-all to take these boys on interesting trips, one being to Joliet prison.





When I became 13 years old my parents decided to send me to the Benson Ave. School. Nannie M. Hines was my first teacher there. She was an outstanding teacher. Mr. Otis E. Haven was the principal. He was an unusually fine man. He afterwards took up medicine and when he started as a doctor in Evanston jumped into a big business. He was our doctor when father was very ill and came twice a day to the house.

When I was a pupil at Northwestern Academy Miss Frances Williard was a speaker at Chapel one day and she announced the death of Dr. Otis E. Haven. All Evanston mourned. He was the son of Bishop Haven, one time president of Northwestern University. Later when I entered Northwestern University and became a member of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority I was very proud to learn that Frances Haven had been a founder and her father Bishop Haven of great assistance to the four founders.

My father built a pier at the foot of Dempster Street and vessels landed there with coal and lumber. Father did business on a large scale. Sometimes three boats would arrive at the same time and there being no harbor in Evanston were liable, if not unloaded at once, to pull out and take their load to Chicago. It took 3 days to unload one boat and how hard my father and 2 brothers used to work, fearing a storm might come up. One time on a Monday 3 boats had arrived with their loads. By Friday noon two boats had been unloaded and while busy on the third boat father fell from a staging onto the pier below with its car track and scattered coal. He was a very sick man after that fall and never recovered.

He sold this pier to a Mr. Stebbins. He warned Mr. Stebbins not to broaden the pier at end or a sand bar would form. Mr. Stebbins did just that, a sand bar formed, which ruined the use of the pier. Now there are only a few piles sticking up to mark the spot.

My older brother Edward went into the house-moving business, brother John also did the same.

Frank, who was 10 years older than I, died in the Philippines. When I was growing up he was with me a great deal, always watching out for me and doing so many kind, thoughtful things.

In the early days father used to get wood from the Big Woods, which North Evanston was called. One trip over there in the winter time, he had a load of wood on, it was getting late and very cold, so he was anxious to be on his way. But one of his horses was balky. Balky refused to budge and after working with him in vain father finally unhitched the good horse and went home on his back, leaving Balky firmly hitched to the load of wood. About 9 o'clock the folks heard a whinney and Balky had arrived with his load.

Father had a cousin George Norton, who lived in Evanston at one time. They went west to Pikes Peak at the time when gold was reported found there. The slogan was "Pike's Peak or Bust." They came back empty handed.

Mr. Norton used to visit us and we were always glad to see him. He was very entertaining and told so many stories of the wild west. On account of his





health he lived out there in Montana. He was a member of the Vigilante Committee (a committee organized to take care of the law when they had no judges in early days.)

He told about a trip he made to town with furs to sell. It was customary when one was making this trip to carry neighbors' furs too. On returning he had considerable money on his person, he was tired, it was getting late, and he smelled venison cooking. A man whom he knew and never liked for some reason or other hailed him and said "George, won't you join me?" The temptation was great so George stopped for dinner. Later this man suggested they sleep together. George said "no, his dog would not stand for that" so he took his blanket and went off to one side. In the night he was awakened by his dog growling and standing over him. George thought he saw something moving, but the dog quieted down and as soon as daylight appeared he was on his horse and off.

Sometime later this man was arrested by the Vigilante Committee and found guilty of killing his partner. He was sentenced to be hanged. George went to see him in prison and asked about that night and the man said "Yes, I would have killed you, if it hadn't been for your dog and you would have been my ninth murder."

Another story was told by George about Stratton, who made a fortune at the Leadville mines.

Mr. Stratton was married and constantly leaving home on a prospecting trip. Finally he was gone on one of these trips some time and when he arrived home his wife said "Now the next time you go prospecting, I shall get a divorce." consequently he remained at home for quite a length of time, but the urge became too great and he was off again. This time he struck it rich at Leadville. In the meantime his wife had divorced him and married again.

June 4th, 1891, I, Olive May Foster, married Robert S. Corlett, a great grandson of Robert Foster. Robert Foster was William Foster's uncle, who brought him to this country.

\* Brother John married Grace Gleason. *77 - January 1, 1918*

*C.M. Kennedy, Minnesota*







1625493



Home of J. Robert & Olive Corlett, Sierra Madre, California

1900



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

## Alexander Lindsay Glen

1. Alexander Lindsay Glen, born 1610, died Nov. 13, 1685, married 1633.  
Catalynon Dongan (Doncassen) born 1610, died Aug. 12, 1684.
2. John Alexander Glen, son of above born Nov. 5, 1648, died Nov. 6, 1731,  
married May 2, 1677.  
Anna Peek born Oct. 15, 1651, died Dec. 19, 1690.
3. Maria Glen (daughter of above) born at Scotia Mar. 21, 1678, died Mar. 13,  
1753, married Dec. 17, 1699.  
Albert Vedder born May 10, 1671, died August 1, 1753.
4. Anna (Annatye) daughter of above, born July 28, 1700, died Dec. 20, 1750,  
married June 10, 1718.  
Abraham Mabie, born June 26, 1695.
5. Catherine, daughter of above born Aug. 6, 1720, died Dec. 22, 1750, married  
March 16, 1736.  
John Veeder born May 23, 1714, died 1798 at Fonda, New York.
6. Eva Veeder, daughter of above, born April 22, 1761, died Dec. 22, 1834,  
married July 2, 1777.  
Jacob Sammons, born April 22, 1752, died 1815.
7. Mary, daughter of above born March 9, 1799, died April 18, 1875, married  
April 30, 1819 at Geddis, New York.  
William Foster, born in Lisbun, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1799, died Dec. 17, 1886.







## Schermerhorn & Veeder

The Schermerhorn pedigree traces to one of the distinguished and aristocratic families of Holland and having for its crest a count's coronet and having army azure on a mount vest, a tree of the last. These are said to be the arms of the town of Schermerhorn in North Holland. Jacob Janse descendants have been among the most conspicuous and creditable representatives of the splendid old Dutch stock of New York.

1. Jacob Janse Schermerhorn, born 1622, died 1688.

married

Janonetic Egmont born 1633. She was the daughter of Cornelius Egmont.

2. Ryer Schermerhorn, son of above was born June 23 in New York, died Feb. 19, 1719

married July 1676

Arentze Bratt, daughter of Catalyn DeVoe and Arient Andries Bratt who was member of General Assembly in 1737 - 43 - 45 - 48.

3. Jannetic, daughter of above

married Aug. 6, 1698

Volkeet Veeder

4. Johannes, son of above, born May 23, 1714 married Catherine, daughter of Abraham Mabie.







## Foster Family

1. Edward Foster

married Mary Kalls

2. William Foster

2. George Foster

3. Edward Foster

4. John married Grace Barnett

5. Nancy married Sandie Pagget

6. Robert married Nancy Pringle

3. William Foster married Martha Morrow

1. William born in Lisbun, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1799 died Dec. 17, 1886,  
married Mary Sammons

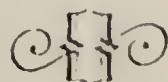
4. 1. Martha married James Dennis

2. Mary married Simon Kline

3. Jannete married George Kearney

4. Helen married John Garland

5. John Jacob married Marietta Jellerson





Willie

pb  
t died 20

pm

m

d

pd

g Martha

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Captain Joe

pb 1800

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g Grad Locati



The first part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the firm.

The second part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the market.

The third part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the economy.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the state.

The fifth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the law.

The sixth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the religion.

The seventh part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the art.

The eighth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the science.

The ninth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the philosophy.

The tenth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the history.

The eleventh part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the geography.

The twelfth part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of the theory of the politics.

William Foster

Child early age

pm  
m  
d  
pd  
g Martha Marrow

pb  
b  
d

Captain Jacob Sammons

pb New York  
b April 23, 1752

pm  
m July 2, 1777

d - 1815

pd  
g Eva Veeder

pb  
b April 2, 1752

Brother of Veeder, Colonel in Command New York Militia  
Brother, St. Johannes Veeder

pb  
b  
pm  
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pb  
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Nathaniel Shaw

pb  
b  
pm  
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pb  
b  
d

pd  
g

Daniel Gleason

pb Mass., 1771

b  
pm  
m Clarendon, N.Y.

d  
pd  
g Polly Lewis

pb  
b  
d

pd  
g

Michael Brady

pb  
b  
pm  
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Southern A. Brady

pb Costello, New York

b  
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g Mary Hawley

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# Ancestral Chart for Six Generations

Designed by H. Vaughan Griffin, Shoreham, Vt.

CHARLES E. TUTTLE COMPANY, RUTLAND, VERMONT

Specialists in Genealogy

William Foster

pb Siskin, Ireland

b Sept 12, 1799

pm-Came to America at 11

m

pd

g

Mary Sammons

pb

b March 9, 1797

d April, 1875

pd

g

John Jacob Foster

pb Syracuse, New York

b March 16, 1832

pm

m June 12, 1854

d Feb 11, 1898

pd

g

\*

John H. Foster

pb Evanston, Ill

b March 11, 1875

pm Glenville, Minn

m Jan 1, 1918

pd

g

Marietta Foster-Kaiser

(Mother)

pb Evanston, Ill

b October 12, 1926

pm Evanston, 7th Church

m June 30, 1950

pd

g

1. Carol Jean Kaiser

B. Sept 28, 1951

E.B. Evanston, Ill

2. Randall Charles Kaiser

(Person whose ancestry is given)

pb Evanston, Ill

b February 9, 1953

pm

m

d

pd

3. John Mark Kaiser

B. Sept 3, 1954, Evanston, Ill

4. Elizabeth Ann Kaiser

B. Sept 14, 1956

Kent Vernon Kaiser

(Father)

pb Mishawaka, Indiana

b April 1, 1924

pm Evanston, Illinois

m June 30, 1950

d

pd

g

Sara Jane Bailey

pb Howard County, Iowa

b Feb 8, 1860

d

pd

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pb

b

pm

m

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pb

b

pm

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pd

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